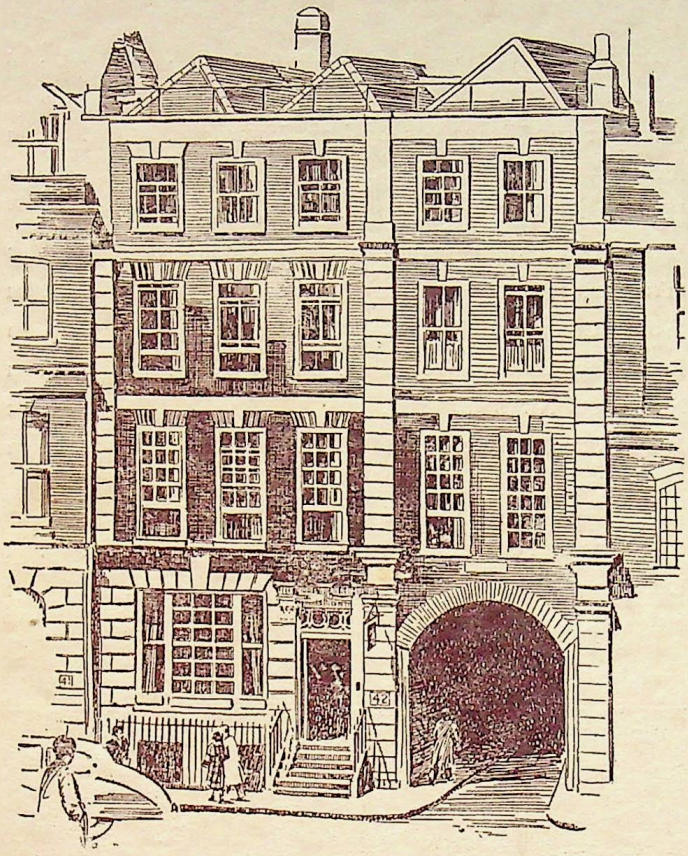
THE LOG

Toc H Women's Association



CRUTCHED FRIARS HOUSE. Headquarters of Toc H Women's Association

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER, 1954 NINEPENCE

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THE LOG

VOL. XXVIII ∴ NO. 6 NOVEMBER-DECEMBER 1954

PACKED tightly, like a Christmas-morning stocking . . . That is my impression of this number of the Log; it brims with vivid, different interests—experiences, ideas, challenges, from here and far-off theres. I wonder where you, looking at it for the first time, will begin 'unpacking' it—perhaps you are one of those last-page-firsters!

There are contributions from the Outback of Australia; from Newfoundland; from Canada. There are special articles about children. There is a special message from the Founder Pilot—to every member. There are deep thoughts about this special season . . . Just because this number comes out yoked to November as well as December, I thought we wouldn't be done out of the feeling of a Christmas Number. So it's early—but it's here.

At Christmas, letters (*and* cards—look at page 183 for a reminder) are vital, quick-flying messengers—all-year-round they are important to Editors. When you write, don't overlook the special correspondence coupon on the last page of the magazine. Not everyone writing to the Log with the *Letters* pages bobbing about in mind, has yet caught the idea of cutting out this surely *most* attractive coupon and sticking it on the envelope. Please play this game. There is a good reason behind it—(make your own guesses: I'm not telling).

By the way, names for the *We Will Remember* feature should go to the General Secretary at Crutched Friars House, please (full address on inside back cover)—they come on to me afterwards.

Sometimes interesting letters arrive just as one number is being put to bed; you may find them in the next number, just as interesting as when they came in—all this is a question of time and space, both deep matters.

And now I've given something over a square inch of space to show my own face; it has a smiling expression, just as I said it should, so that I may look as if I am really saying: 'A very, very merry Christmas to you all!'

Which I do say to all the many thousands of you—*warmly*.

EDITOR: BARBARA VISE.

WELCOME CHRISTMAS!

A. B. S. MACFIE, Founder Pilot, sends out a message to EVERY Member, from her very heart

CHRISTMAS—presents, greetings, feasting, festivities and Church Services—what are these supposed to mean to us? And if we *do* grasp some sort of a meaning, does it bear any relationship to the truth?

Just before Christmas last year I went to the Westfort Leper Colony in the Transvaal, to join in their annual Christmas Party. In Westfort it is not called a Christmas Party but simply 'Toc H Day'. Preparations had been going forward for weeks and on the day itself everyone took part in the celebrations—men and women and children, patients and staff, Europeans and non-Europeans.

The whole place throbbed with expectation and goodwill, and blessing shone in every face. The prevailing joy has to be experienced to be believed. There was pathos, too—the children who carried away their presents in boxes or tins held tightly under their mutilated arms; the slipping of small coins into the pockets of those who have no hands; the sorely disfigured, whose gifts had to be taken to them in the seclusion of their rondawels; the little black girls hugging flaxen-haired dolls. But permeating all was a feeling of joy, of expectation fulfilled.

And I dare to say that, if it were not for Christmas, none of this would happen. Because a tiny child, who was God Himself, came into this world long ago, and stretched out his hands in loving invitation, offering Himself and asking men to do the same, because of this, the Festival of the Birth of Jesus always stands for giving, costly giving.

It would be great if each of us determined to throw overboard the old saying, 'Christmas comes but once a year', and keep it every day instead! 'Impracticable', you say? But the Babe wants to stay with us always and how can we refuse such a Guest? More, how best can we show our joy that He should come? The 'spirit of man is the candle of the Lord'; so those who wish can throw a welcoming beam on the threshold of one heart at least by lighting their own candle. And in our teams and branches we can

> 'See every sconce and candlestick made bright
> That without tapers they may give a light!' *

* *From the lovely old poem given on the opposite page, which partly inspired this article*

YET if his Majesty our Sovereign Lord
Should of his own accord
Friendly himself invite,
And say, "I'll be your guest tomorrow night",
How should we stir ourselves, call and command
All hands to work! "Let no man idle stand!
Set me fine Spanish tables in the hall,
See they be fitted all;
Let there be room to eat,
And order taken that there want no meat!
See every sconce and candlestick made bright,
That without tapers they may give a light!
Look to the presence: are the carpets spread,
The dais o'er the head,
The cushions in the chairs,
And all the candles lighted on the stairs?
Perfume the chambers, and in any case
Let each man give attendance in his place."
Thus if the king were coming would we do,
And 'twere good reason too;
For 'tis a duteous thing
To show all honour to an earthly king,
And after all our travail and our cost,
So he be pleased, to think no labour lost.
But at the coming of the King of Heaven
All's set at six and seven;
We wallow in our sin,
Christ cannot find a chamber in the inn.
We entertain Him always like a stranger,
And, as at first, still lodge Him in the manger.

From the Christ Church MS. (*16th century*)
included in
'*Lyrics from the Song-books of the Elizabethan Age*'
by A. H. Bullen.

(Reprinted in the LOG by permission of
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WITHOUT THE WRAPPINGS

You don't see the Christmas Gift till the holly-and-mistletoe paper is off the parcel; you don't see the meaning, or the person, suggests JEAN EDWARDS, till you strip off prejudice and think for yourself . . . .

WHEN I was a child I used to keep a diary. I still have some pages. One entry reads: 'A whole week has passed and I have not cried once!' I evidently regarded this as a major achievement, as indeed for me in those days it was. I suffered from a distressing tendency to burst into tears over minor troubles, and I used to long for the days when I would be 'grown-up'. I was quite certain that then I would never weep again over anything.

The entry for Christmas Day is short and to the point: 'I have lots of presents and am *terribly* happy'. I suppose that for most children the best part of Christmas is that of receiving their gifts. One of the delightful characteristics of children is their capacity for joy over small things—a capacity which unfortunately we seem to lose as we grow older. How wonderful to be able to forget all one's troubles just because we are given a lollipop! The child, rather than the adult, lives in the mood of eternity, utterly absorbed in whatever he is doing at the moment, unthinking of tomorrow or yesterday. No wonder that Jesus described them as 'of the Kingdom of Heaven'.

BUT however much we may wish it, we cannot return to the magic world of childhood. We cannot even enter into the joys and sorrows of our own children—nor should we seek to intrude into the child's world, unless we are invited. Each one of us lives in a separate world, and only love can build a bridge between us. There are times when outwardly, at any rate, some of the barriers between people break down, and friendliness rather than suspicion characterises our relationships with strangers. Christmas especially is such a time, when even strangers meeting in a train compartment, may find themselves comparing the gifts they have bought for their children. How much pleasanter life would be if this mood prevailed all the time.

When I am buying Christmas gifts for my own children, I sometimes think back with amusement to my efforts as a child in choosing presents for my family. They were not very successful. To an aunt liable to be made bilious by sweet things, I gave the chocolates I loved most. Other relatives were given cheap jewellery, or toffee-apples, or hair-slides. I don't think that I gave them in the hope of getting them back—it was just an inability to think into the mind of the person I wanted to please.

Photograph of a happy mother and two children—Jean Edwards and sons

UNFORTUNATELY, many adults suffer from this same lack of imagination. Nothing is as aggravating to the person who has no experience of religious faith as to be told what he should do and think. We are wasting his time and ours. Nor, I think, do we achieve much by just giving an example of piety. Religion springs from the heart rather than the head and is characterised by joy and self-giving rather than by rules and regulations. 'Love God and do as you like' is advice worth thinking over. 'If your morals make you dreary,' said Robert Louis Stevenson, 'depend upon it they are wrong. I do not say "Give them up", for they may be all you have; but conceal them like a vice, lest they should spoil the lives of better and simpler people.'

I have never kept up the Father Christmas myth with my children, but I notice that they are careful not to disillusion other children who have been brought up to believe in him. 'Not everyone thinks the way you do,' said my five-year-old son severely, when I had foolishly enquired of another child if his daddy would be dressing up as Father Christmas. I find that children often show more understanding of a minority point of view than do adults. Although both my small boys have a considerable admiration for soldiers, they listened with interest when a pacifist friend explained why he did not feel it right to take part in war. Most children are more honest than adults in their thinking—and more realistic!

AT this time of the year we like to talk about the 'Christmas Spirit', by which we mean, I suppose, the spirit of friendliness. It is not difficult to be friendly towards those who share our views —but how many people (even in Toc H) really try to understand

and think into the minds of those whose convictions differ from theirs? I can remember being told by a Toc H member that he 'would have nothing to do with a pacifist' (in fairness I must add that he did not know that he was speaking to one—and when he did find out, we remained friends).

Whether we admit it or not, we are all full of prejudices and opinions which we have picked up from others as we have gone through life. Thinking for ourselves is a tiresome business to most of us—it is much easier to quote someone else than to arrive at our own conclusions. But it is a pity not to think for ourselves, for if we do, life may become much more exciting. We may even discover the real person beneath the hated label, and find that he or she is a person like ourselves, who also is made in God's image.

And when, in spite of our differences, we learn to love one another, then will we find that God is not above and beyond but is here and now, offering us eternal union with His very Self.

Walt Whitman wrote:

'Why should I wish to see God better than this day?
I see something of God each hour of the twenty-four,
and each moment then,
In the faces of men and women I see God,
and in my own face in the glass,
I find letters from God dropt in the street,
and every one is sign'd by God's name,
And I leave them where they are, for I know
that whereso'er I go,
Others will punctually come for ever and ever.'

LOST — AND FOUND!

DEAR EDITOR,

I was one of the party who went to Poperinghe on Aug. 20th. The one who lost her purse at Victoria! I am sure that all those who went, would be interested to know that I was fortunate, on arriving back after the week-end, to regain it, without any loss.

MARGARET SINNICKS
Sec., Portsmouth Branch.

ABROAD—and at HOME

ELLISON BRANCH, JOHANNESBURG, are visiting patients at the *Rietfontein T.B. Non-European Hospital*, supplying knitting wool for them and helping in every way possible. Both men and women patients love to knit and a public appeal for wool brought in over 70 lb. Our members suggested that the patients knit one jersey for themselves and two smaller ones for patients at the Westfort Leper Institute, Pretoria, in which the **ARCADIA BRANCH** and also Johannesburg members are extremely active and where there are Toc H Branches within the Institute. The idea of helping in this way caught on, and 52 gay jerseys were made for the leper children and distributed at the Toc H Day at Christmas time. An appeal was also made for cards, games and pipes (for bedridden patients at Rietfontein). Largely due to the Rotary Club, 23 pipes were sent in and quite a large sum of money to spend on others.

VEREENIGING BRANCH have members who are fully qualified as couch attendants for the Blood-Transfusion Service. **E.W.**

OVERSEAS SECRETARY—Elisabeth Worth—asked about herself, says:

"I was educated at Cheltenham Ladies' College. Have done heaps of voluntary work, apart from Toc H, all my life, mostly among young people; and women's work in and for the Church is a great theme of mine. My great interest is my home, and I am very fond of cooking, needlework, anything domestic, and reading.

'My husband, who is a Church of England clergyman, is at present Chaplain and Lecturer in Divinity at the College of S. Mark and S. John, Chelsea, a Church Training College for teachers. Our sons are Andrew 8½, and Charles 6. My husband is a Toc H member and was on the staff for a short time immediately before the war as a Marks Padre.'

Mr. and Mrs. Worth and their merry-looking sons

"THIS IS THE OUTBACK,

PEOPLE have various ideas of the outback woman. She is either one of these jodhpur-ed film stars or a poor wretch . . . Actually, she is just an ordinary woman, very much concerned with feeding her man and keeping him and her children a bit civilised in the outback-land of large sheep and cattle stations.

The stock-carrying capacity of the stations is low. On an average of 20 acres to feed one sheep. They count six sheep to one head of cattle. The rainfall is low, of course, and uncertain (5 to 8 inches). As in all countries, climate determines the living conditions. Water supply, whether from dams, wells, bores or springs, plays a very large part in the life of the people at the homesteads. It determines whether you bath daily, weekly or not at all, whether you have pepper trees or roses in the front garden.

City people often say to me, 'Oh, the bush is quite different now with refrigerators and electric light, etc.' Well, certainly conditions for the women *are* better, and the inland has graduated from bullock teams and bully beef to aeroplanes and ice-cream. Still, the outback has not undergone a complete metamorphosis. It still remains the primeval bush (where strong men weep and camels gnash their teeth), with its merciless heat, droughts, crows, fierce dust storms, flooding rain, swarms of flies, ants and mosquitoes, plagues of rabbits and grasshoppers, and then the foxes, to say nothing of the marauding dingo and the vicious blowfly, which causes such misery for the sheep. And, of course, even in this wild dreamland there always have to be three meals a day—if not five—and a good cook is a pearl beyond price.

WOMEN in the outback are partners in the men's work. The work on all stations follows a definite yearly routine. Sheep are mated in the New Year. In March or so, they have to be crutched; that is, wool removed from hindquarters to minimise fly strike. Lambs are marked and tailed when about two months old. At the end of a day's lamb-marking, they count the tails. The ewe tails and ram tails are in separate heaps. The general shearing is in the Spring, mostly, or in the Autumn, in which case crutching would be in Spring.

There's always a lot of mustering and sorting out or drafting. The flock doesn't roam all over the station like one big happy family. They are put into separate paddocks according to sex and age. People always seem surprised at the absence of sheep around

THIS IS AUSTRALIA!"

A shortened version of a vigorous, witty talk given by Mrs. Hurtle Lord, at a Toc H Women's Association luncheon in Adelaide—wish we'd been there!

Constant watch has to be kept on watering places in each paddock. If a dam goes dry or a windmill fails—hundreds of sheep could perish. There are a surprising number of jobs in connection with maintenance. A station worker becomes a Jack-of-all-trades. A station settlement is a complete unit and can be compared with the old feudal manor.

Station meal times are: breakfast 7 a.m., smoko 9.30 a.m., dinner 12 noon, smoko 3 p.m., and tea 6 p.m. These times are adhered to rigidly in the shearing shed, to allow for four shearing runs of two hours each. These smokos are carried to the shed by the cook, with tea in a big urn, and a big dish of cakes, etc. If the said cook describes himself as a 'cook-be-trade', they might get sausage rolls or cream puffs filled with mock cream.

AT the homestead 7 o'clock breakfast is de rigeur—fried chops! Lunches (or cribs) are cut for the musterers, but if two or three are going in a car (on a windmill job for instance) you give them a tucker box, consisting of cold meat (in calico bag to keep out flies and ants), bread, tea and sugar, pepper and salt, a tin of jam (with a little leather cap over the top—also to keep out flies and ants) and the ubiquitous tomato sauce, without which no station was ever run successfully!

The men away (you hope), the cleaning and teaching (correspondence lessons) begin. If there is only one woman, this takes a bit of working out. The bread gets mixed to the strains of the nine-times table, and I have often scrubbed the kitchen floor with dictation words pinned upside down on my chest. Long division of money was always our bugbear. I'm hammering away about 'that pound you've got left over! What are you going to do with it?' 'I'll have that pound, Mrs. Lord',

Snapshot of Mrs. Hurtle Lord

sings out the Jackaroo from the back verandah.

By this time you're thinking how you're going to serve the mutton for the evening meal. Tea-time, at the end of the day, is a happy reunion. Everyone has a tale to tell. The children, having no little pals, sit up and listen to their elders, and know all about the dry seasons, the adjectival government, and the crippling taxation!

The little boys, of course, just revel in this man's world, and it's a big battle to get them away to boarding school. Every time I wrote a letter to the Headmaster of Prince Alfred College, my son took it out of the mail bag. However, he eventually reached this academy, and during his holidays, would very ably assist the blackfellows with their mail orders to the Bushman's Outfitter.

You all know of the wonderful Flying Doctor service. I have had a real experience of this. When we were in the northern Flinders Ranges, 400 miles from Adelaide, the whole household was stricken with diphtheria. The Boss, my sister, the Cowboy, a blackfellow, and my little daughter, aged 9, who became so dangerously ill that I sent the overseer to the nearest pedal set to send a message to the Flying Doctor at Broken Hill, about 230 miles by air. I will never forget the night I waited till the 'plane landed in the horse paddock next morning. Doctor made a check up of all hands. The blackfellow had swallowed his four nights' issue of pills in one dose, which seemed to have fixed him. The Boss and little girl were flown to Broken Hill, but were a long time recovering. I must tell you of the telegrams that passed between the man left in charge and the Boss in hospital, who had been enquiring about supplies of sheep dip for treating fly-blown sheep. The man wired 'Case of dip found in hut'. The Boss wired back 'Put case of dip to bed with three pills, a poultice and frequent gargles!'

EVERY district in the outback has its own race meeting, gymkhana or rodeo, and a race ball. Great preparations are made for this. Social events are so few and far between that everybody is all out for a good time. The women will whip up a new cotton dress, and refurbish the long ball frock, and bake enormous quantities of pasties, sausage rolls (that aren't sausage, but minced mutton, well seasoned) and the best cakes in their repertoire. The men organise a desultory working-bee. The publican renovates his little brush shed, the focal point of the meeting. The winning post is straightened up and a bit of fresh brush is put over the afternoon tea stall and the ladies' retiring room. After these exertions, they have a little liquid refreshment.

Meanwhile the station hands discuss the chances of Red Ned in the Walk, Trot and Gallop, or that little filly of old Mac's in the Woop Woop Flying Handicap. Everyone starts to think about getting a haircut. This is a very real problem in the Outback.

We all have our own equipment, and enlist the help of anyone willing (and able—you hope). I've seen this tonsorial business being conducted in the main street of our little town on a Saturday night, with the barber, working by the lights of the utility, and his victim, suitably draped, seated on an old box. Then they swop over. Some have a flair for it, but there are very few you can trust—women are very wary of their art.

Then motor cars get a clean up, and the usual station impedimenta is removed from utilities, Land Rovers and limousines. People come anything up to 100 miles to these turnouts, and the locals invite them home to bath and change for the Ball. The girls make a raid on the Mrs. Potts' irons to press their frocks, and the men are unfamiliar in their best suits. The orchestra is generally the old accordion. Trophies are presented to blacks and whites.

When it rains in the Bush, all stock work ceases. The boys are told to clean up the blacksmith's shop or oil the harness, but no one seems to worry much about it. If rains are very heavy, rail, mail and telephone services are dislocated. Once, when I was away, my daughter was faced with the problem of no bread. She appealed to Old Joe, who helped her knock up a damper, giving as his recipe 'a dishful of flour, a lidful of baking powder, and enough water'. The more isolated stations, of course, bake their own bread, using dry yeast, or one made from potato water, sugar and hops. I was in trouble once with yeast, and got the mailman to bring me out a bottle of beer to give it a kick. Best batch of bread I ever baked!

THE bush has its own unique philosophy, and its yarns are legendary. There's not much time for the pros and cons, and they are sceptical of over-effusiveness, or too much charm. I do think the simple unsophisticated sentiments of the cowboy songs express the spirit of the bushman. The Australian outback *has* borrowed a lot from western ranch life. The rodeos, fancy riding, etc., have lent colour to the Australian scene.

However, there's a lot that is typically Australian (found only as in other countries, in the outlying areas). Whether we like it or not, Australia is always represented by 'Waltzing Matilda' and the spirit of the outback, and why not? Apart from it being absolutely unique and romantic, it is the basis of Australia's wealth. Here are miles of Mitchell grass on the tablelands, carpets of red hops and blue Salvation Jane, merging into mauve on the hills, splashes of flaming Sturt Peas, the sudden wheeling and pink flash of hundreds of grey galahs, and the eerie night birds in the Ranges. When I see those big mobs of lovely Merino sheep, luxurious in full wool, coming in from the back paddocks, I get a lump in my throat, and I think—'This is the Outback, this is Australia!'

"WE CAN NEVER SAY

JUST to give you an idea of what I have been doing since my return and the conditions here—I arrived in Winnipeg on 11th May (1953) to find snow on the ground!

A sudden cold snap arrived two days before I did, so having had lunch on the lawn in Montreal, I came down to the hard fact that 'life is real'—life can be cold—out here in the West. A letter summoned me to Swan River, our H.Q., a week later, so I took a further journey of over 400 miles—what is that after 5,000? There for a couple of days to look into the new book-keeping arrangements, and give them the O.K. Back to Eriksdale after a couple of days (how I loathe getting on to the Swan River train at 4 a.m., a most ungodly hour to travel; I arrived in Winnipeg at 2.30 p.m., shopped, caught the bus at 5.30 p.m. and arrived home tired and hungry at 8.30 p.m.). Two days later Dss. Postans went off for a holiday for three weeks to Banff, Alberta, in the Rockies—a most beautiful spot, and I held the fort alone.

ON her return, we had just a week to prepare for Summer schools. The weather had turned very wet, as it remained throughout the summer, which made travelling very bad, and so we decided to do the towns first and the 'country points' later.

Ashern, first on the list, 28 miles N. We had a good school here, and got in some sound Anglican teaching. The last afternoon we were to have sports. The church and our cottage there, stand on two 'lots' and there is ample room for games at the back. Man proposes! We had just got the chairs and the 'Mums' seated and a three-legged race in progress and down came the rain. So, we changed plans and decided to have our little winding-up service first. The sports had to be abandoned because there came such a hailstorm as I never wish to experience again.

We were singing 'Soldiers of Christ arise', and I was playing the organ as loud as it was possible, and the whole was drowned by the incessant pounding on the roof. We moved the children in from the windows, which I felt sure would be pounded in, but luckily there was no wind and the hail fell straight down.

Half an hour later, the hail was piled high outside, and three hours later, with the temperature at over 80° the hail was still piled , so you can have some idea what it was like, the 'stones' were still the size of halfpennies. It was really terrifying. It cut across a band of half a mile for about five miles, and that was the end of the grain in that band for the year. We left for Eriksdale at 7.15 p.m. but five miles out of town, having had to make a détour, we found the road awash about 18 inches

LIFE IS MONOTONOUS!"

—that is what GLADYS A. GOODACRE emphasised in this vivid saga of her work with The Bishop's Messengers of St. Faith's at the St. John's Mission, Eriksdale, Manitoba, Canada. Read it—and agree!

deep for some three hundred yards, and just how the cars were getting through, I don't know. That continued for six weeks, the bus could no longer run, and stopped ten miles short of Ashern, and a heavy American car, the local taxi, took the people on—it seemed almost to swim!

With weather little improved we continued with eight summer schools in all, and contacted over 130 children. The Sunday School by Post Van girls, of whose work you have probably heard, come to our district, and they also held a summer school on the Indian Reserves 28 miles N.W. of Eriksdale, and so all our territory was served. I have made a new computation, and find our parish is over 1,000 square miles.

We had one precious week between summer schools and the Bishop's Messengers annual retreat, and in that time had to rush around and can (plain English is 'bottle') fruit and vegetables for the winter, in addition to giving the house a real clean, which it hadn't had for all the seven weeks of summer schools. (One week Dss. Postans was at Campet and I at Eriksdale, two schools overlapping.) Then the Retreat, conducted by dear old Fr. Hawkes of the Cowley Fathers from Bracebridge, Ontario. That took from Monday to after breakfast Saturday morning, then I left by bus at 2.30 p.m. for Winnipeg, arriving there 12.40 a.m. Sunday, taxied to my friends, and had a lovely day at St. John's Cathedral. You don't know what a joy it is to go to a dignified service, once more, in a great church rather than in the little country wooden ones, or more frequently in school houses.

Then (by that time the 2nd week in September) back to the 'Fall' work, settling down to a winter routine, and everywhere praying for fine weather so that the harvest could be got in and the hay completed. The weather had been so wet, that hay and harvest had synchronised, and the farmers were at their wits' end to get all the work done. There was great concern about whether there would be a flood again next Spring as there had been four years before, as there was still a great deal of water which the land couldn't carry away because it was still so saturated.

In just the nick of time the weather changed, and for three weeks there was no rain. The threshing was done and the hay

cut. It was a great joy at Thanksgiving (a holiday remaining from the time the Pilgrims gave thanks for their first harvest) to be able to say a special thanksgiving for prayers answered. One farmer a few weeks earlier, on being tackled on why he hadn't appeared at church, said he had attended prayers for fine weather, and as they hadn't been answered, saw no point in coming to church!

THE first weekend in November we had to 'close down' and return to Swan River for our Silver Jubilee, twenty-five years since the Messengers of St. Faith's began their work in the West. Towards the end of October, I had to go into Winnipeg to St. Aiden's Church to talk about the work here, so you can see we have had several breaks, and even in our worst moments we can never say that life is monotonous!

The next event was the preparation of four Christmas Pageants, two in country schools where we teach scripture once a fortnight (at six schools in all) and two in churches, although one was finally given in the Community Centre. The church didn't hold enough people. Between whiles we packed over two hundred and fifty Christmas presents for our children, and attended several of their Christmas Concerts. The latter is THE event of the year, and the only concert ever attended by most of the parents. Every child has a part in it, and it takes the best part of December to prepare. The excitement runs very high, and you might think they were preparing for the Albert Hall, at least.

My colleague returned to England for three months after Christmas, and I had a young girl to help with the children's work in her absence. We had some bad blizzards in January and again in March, and now as I write on the 28th April, another storm has blown up and the ground is white again. Not a bud has burst as yet, but I saw a robin today, and I saw perhaps fifty geese arriving yesterday—too early, the Lake (Manitoba) is still frozen over.

The Primate, the Most Reverend Walter Barfoot, Archbishop of this Province of Rupertsland, spent the night here a few weeks back, and it was a great pleasure to us to entertain him. He returns in October for Confirmations, when I hope to have about twenty ready for him. I can't call them a 'class', when they are scattered in ones and twos all over a parish of 1,000 square miles. I have to make a round trip of sixty miles to teach three of them.

Canadians are very neighbourly. For instance one of our families was burnt out on the 3rd April, and everything was lost. Some friends came to town and I provided two bales from our bale room stock the same evening, and today I hear that the community had a 'Bee', a new house has been built, and it is already occupied. The sum of $700 was raised inside a week,

and they have had so much given them in kind they hardly know what to do with it.

Last week I attended the Diocesan Synod (held every second year), the only woman on the staff in the Diocese. In two weeks or so I start a month's holiday, having been just twelve months on duty since my return from England. Time just flies, and I shall be home again in another two years. If any of you care to write to me—at St. John's Mission, Eriksdale, Manitoba, Canada, I shall be very pleased to hear. To those who have already done so, my very best thanks, you cannot know what letters mean, unless you have lived in the 'Far places'. Busy as I am, it is surprising just how often one's thoughts turn homeward. One other thing—I need all the prayers you can give me —I often marvel at the amount of work one is enabled to get through, and I am sure it is only because I am upheld before the Throne of Grace by so many people.

Au revoir—and may God Bless you.

(*It is with great regret that, as we go to Press, we have to announce the death of Gladys Goodacre. An appreciation of her work will be published in the next* Log.—*Ed.*)

WE WILL REMEMBER

Miss Eva Stubbs—*St. Annes.* 10.4.29—28.7.54.
Miss I. Eaves—*Greenbank.* 4.5.54—August, 1954 (age 28)
Mrs. Ada Taylor—*Southchurch.* 30.10.50—13.8.54
Mrs. C. Saunders—*Wrexham.* 16.11.53—August, 1954
Mrs. A. Stringer—*Ecclesfield.* 21.9.43—August, 1954
Mrs. A. Porter—*Southam.* 12.11.53—14.4.54
Mrs. Ella Grist—*Bridgetown.*
September, 1944—August, 1954
Miss Olive Boyt—*Reading.* 5.4.34—7.9.54
Mrs. L. Askey—*Houghton.* 7.11.52—25.8.54
Mrs. D. New—*Carisbrooke, I.W. Branch.*
25.3.52—31.8.54
Mrs. Alice Buckley—*Holyhead.* 1946—9.9.54
Mrs. Annie L. Hanson—*Horncastle.* 25.2.35—1954
Ellen Dora Barton—*Louth.* 1942—8.8.54
Miss G. Goodacre—*Central General Branch* and *Canada*
20.2.42—29.9.54
Miss Edith D. Sprawson—*Bath.* 3.12.29—25.9.54
Mrs. N. C. Brown—*Dulwich.* April, 1928—8.9.54

"THE PIPS IS GOOD"

ALEC CHURCHER, Schools and Service Secretary, Toc H, strikes at the heart of a problem—and his understanding article points to an uncompromising answer

"EVEN in a rotten apple', said Herbert Jenkins' great cockney character, Bindle, 'the pips is good'. There are those who say that our society to-day is rotten. Let such people take heart from the certainty that with every new life new hope is born. No one, especially at Christmastide, can be both a Christian and a pessimist.

Children, it is often said, are a nation's greatest asset. Many boys and girls are almost ready to burst with idealism, imagination and sheer vitality. Nothing to them is impossible, for the cynicism of maturity has not yet settled upon them, damping down the divine fires. And yet the new reinforcements of energy and enthusiasm which pour out each year from our schools and youth organisations somehow seem all too often to lose their way, all too soon to become conditioned by the standards and outlook of the worldly-wise. The fresh and vivid brightness they bring to the pattern of life merges all too soon into the general drabness. Some, disillusioned or embittered, begin to see the adventure of living in terms of gangsterism, some in terms of pleasure or distorted personal ambition; the great majority just become 'ordinary'. What goes wrong? What satanic alchemy is at work within our society to transmute this great gold reserve so inexorably, if gradually, into lesser metals?

LET us begin by re-asserting that 'the pips is good'. Diatribes against the selfishness of modern youth are as unrealistic as they are valueless. Adam and Eve probably complained that modern youth was not what it used to be when they had trouble with Cain and Abel. If it is true that young people are not what they used to be it can only be because we older people are not what we used to be. They are part of the community and take their standards and values from it. The

Photo by courtesy of The Wykeham Studios

This is Alec Churcher who says: 'No one, especially at Christmastime, can be both a Christian and a pessimist.'

hope for the future lies in our ability to enable them to play their part with us in changing and raising those standards. We certainly shall not succeed without them.

Toc H stands for the adventure of accepting Christian values in a world which has largely discarded them. It has developed a technique of its own which at its best provides almost limitless opportunities for giving practical expression to the Christian family ideal. It is not only idealistic but extremely realistic for it seeks to 'make real' this Christian ideal in innumerable small local situations. It has not only a lamp but a Job Secretary, whose task it is to present Christianity to people not, in the first instance, as a theory to be accepted but in the simple terms of a job to be done and a right 'family' relationship to be established. The essence is that it starts at the practical end. 'If any man will do His will he shall know of the doctrine'. The whole method of Toc H is based on the truth of that text.

Here then, surely, is a movement which should make a special appeal to the young who tend to suspect Christians of being Johnny-head-in-airs whose feet too seldom touch the ground at all, and whose dislike of anything that seems to smell of hypocrisy often, wrongly no doubt, keeps them away from pews and pulpits whose influence seems to them to have little effect upon the social scene around.

WHY then do they not pour into our Branches everywhere? I believe that the reason is that while the vision of Toc H is big enough to attract them, the practice of it is too often not good enough to hold them. And this, I believe, is because not enough of our members fully understand the precise nature of the instrument they are trying to use. Through lack of understanding and imaginative leadership Toc H branches tend to develop into all sorts of other things; into study-circles on Christianity in the Modern World; into inter-denominational Christian fellowship groups; into what are in effect 'closed shops' for the unco guid. This is probably even more true of women's branches than of men's, perhaps because of the differences in the two membership forms. But whatever the reasons, I feel convinced that Toc H will not succeed in being a frontier movement in the Christian cause unless it is true to its particular nature and quickly confronts the newcomer with a job of practical service.

WHEN we speak of getting someone into Toc H we tend to think nearly always of getting him or her to a Toc H meeting. Ultimately, of course, the newcomer must be led to share fully in, and contribute fully to, the fellowship of the branch, but is attendance at a meeting always the right first introduction to the movement? For a youngster I believe not (and possibly not for many older people). The very real spirit of fellowship that exists in many branches is very often a middle-aged kind of fellowship, real and satisfying to those who are part of it, but not always—let us face it—attractive to the young who are looking, perhaps without knowing it, for something vigorous and adventurous into which they can plunge without fear of hypocrisy.

They are likely, I think, more quickly to feel themselves part of the Toc H family if they are roped in to do something alongside older folk, for boys and girls want to feel that they are really wanted; that there are things to be done in the community that cannot be done without them. True understanding between people of different ages is born of unselfconscious partnership in common activity. It is a natural by-product and is rarely achieved when too consciously sought.

I sometimes wonder whether in fact what we persist in calling the gulf between the old and the young is anything like as great as we imagine. Many of us older people, I am sure, tend to enlarge and deepen it by an attitude of patronage and condescension. Much youth work is invalidated by this kind of approach on the part of the adult leaders, for no natural human relationship can result when one of the parties is putting on an act. People are people, whatever their ages. Young people, like older people, want to be accepted and appreciated but it must be an acceptance on equal terms.

ON the men's side of the family there is a system by which schools may affiliate to Toc H. I believe that this is a valuable scheme for, through the agency of the masters in such schools who act as our School Correspondents, boys when they leave are given the opportunity of meeting Toc H branches in the places in which they live or work, while those who are going to do their National Service are offered the hospitality of Toc H homes in the neighbourhood of their camps. But the system can do no more than provide points of contact between Toc H and some of the rising generation. What happens after the contact is made depends upon us who are members. If there is a real sense of urgency within our branches; if we have a clear picture of all that needs to be done in our neighbourhood in order that the Christian pattern of life may be brought a stage nearer; if we are clearly held back only by lack of reinforcements from embarking on new adventures for the Kingdom of God, then (and many good branches will confirm this from their experience) the young people will be with us. Example, not exhortation, is what is needed. To be in the friendly company of people who take for granted certain basic Christian assumptions about life, which they don't necessarily often talk about but which clearly affect the things they do, will infect the newcomer more surely than chats with the Pilot and a distribution of leaflets. The chance remark and the casual conversation are often more effective than the planned campaign.

THERE is nothing new in all this. It was the method of Talbot House, Poperinghe, and the essential technique of the re-born Toc H. Where we are true to our method it works as well as ever, with the young as well as with the older. We fail when we cease to apply these basic principles and try to turn Toc H into something different; when we look inward at ourselves, instead of outward on the community around; when Pilots flourish to the detriment of Job Secretaries; when we become obsessed with Toc H as an end in itself rather than as a means to an end.

We are committed to the job of 'transmitting to future generations' the basic Christian ideas for which we stand. Our duty to the young is to help them to find release for their dynamic qualities, often overlaid with a facade of cynicism and 'toughness', for the service of God and their fellow men. It is not, primarily, to recruit them for our particular movement, although I believe there are few movements so well fitted to help them in this. Our job is to introduce them to the Christian adventure through infectious contact with some Christian adventurers, so that they can help to make real again, first for themselves and then for others, either through Toc H or by any other means, ideals which to the majority of people to-day seem irrelevant and unrealistic. It is a big job but, thank God, 'The pips is good'.

WORLD CHAIN OF LIGHT

F. G. CHESWORTH, Editor of the TOC H JOURNAL, writes of the flames that yearly ring the wide world

I DOUBT if there is any other society that celebrates its birthday—and that of its Founder—with a world-encircling chain of tiny flames. This inspired idea was born in Australia twenty-five years ago and ever since then, on December 11th or 12th, throughout the world Toc H men and members of the Women's Association have stood by their Lamps. Each gathering has thus, in turn, forged its own particular link in the Chain.

This year the anniversary falls at a week-end and, in addition to taking part in the Ceremony of Light at nine o'clock on Saturday evening, we are also being invited to share in a twenty-four-hour Vigil. I can't help wondering just what picture the word 'vigil' conjures up. To those who date back to Edwardian times, the chances are that it will recall a once widely reproduced picture showing an esquire, kneeling before an altar, on the eve of knighthood. In more recent times the word has developed into a journalistic 'must', to be used inevitably when telling of colliery explosions and similar disasters. But, word-pictures apart, men and women of Toc H will not be slow in recognising that this Vigil holds for them an opportunity to examine afresh this queer Family and their own part in it.

Wherever the roots of a Branch flourish deep through the community there is always present a risk of its members thinking of their own particular unit as *the* Toc H. The Vigil provides a grand chance for us to get things into proper perspective and, once having done so, to seek out God's purpose for Toc H to-day, and to-morrow.

Lord, when men kneel within these Upper Rooms
Shew them the vision of the work to be,
And help us even now, our scattered few,
To be true neighbours and true citizens
Of every transformed city, changed ourselves
By truth of love to lovers of thy truth,
Govern'd and guided, in our minds renewed,
*Gathered of one accord into one way.**

For those who would wish to marshal their thoughts beforehand, I can think of no better preparation than a careful reading of Peter Monie's *Toc H Under Weigh*, together with the recently-published report of the Forward Committee, *Something to Bite On*. Thus armed and equipped we can scarcely fail to relate our thoughts and prayers to the vast field of local and world problems stretching wide before us.

* P.B.C. in The Birthday Thanksgiving, 1929.

YOU'RE BOOKED FOR THOUGHT

Storming the Citadel. The Rise of the Woman Doctor. E. Moberley Bell (Constable, 18/-).

Many of us in Toc H studied with great interest Miss Moberley Bell's earlier biography of Octavia Hill. Here is another book well worth attention which tells of the fight, and a stiff one it has been all through, of women to get official recognition as doctors. Naturally, it includes the story of Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, the first qualified woman doctor, Dr. Elizabeth Garrett Anderson, and other outstanding women who fought this cause against almost unbelievable prejudice and under considerable hardship and frustration. The history of the London School of Medicine is told and the book ends with the work of women doctors in World War II, and the National Health scheme following the Good-enough Report which gave women an equal chance with men in medical education.

The Brontë Story. Margaret Lane (Heinemann, 21/-).

This book is a reconsideration of the first biography of Charlotte, written soon after her death, by Mrs. Gaskell. At this distance of time it is possible to assess facts more reasonably and to be more forthright about them, than when some of the characters concerned were still living, and further material has come to light. It is cheering to find that Charlotte's father was probably not the ogre he has so often been made, and this is an interesting portrait of him and the life of the parsonage.

The White Sparrow. John Moore (Collins, 10/6).

I enjoy all John Moore's books because he has such feeling for and understanding of the countryside and the life lived there by people and flowers and trees and animals, and is able to convey this. This book tells the story of a boy, brought up in a village in the Forest of Dean, his carefree childhood despite an unusual home background, and his sudden awakening when it is thrown at him that the fact of his having a coloured father is an insuperable barrier in society.

Old London Gardens. (Batsford, 21/-), and **Oranges and Lemons.** (Peter Neville, 15/-), a study of the old Churches of London, are two beautifully illustrated books by Gladys Taylor, who is well-known at our Headquarters, where she worked in the Festival office for the 1952 Festival.

ELISABETH WORTH.

NOTES AND NEWS

THERE WAS A FESTIVAL. A publication with this title appeared recently and the cover, which is most attractive, shows a spray of blossom. As it catches the eye, one is immediately drawn to thoughts of spring with all its stirrings of new life.

But the cover is only part of the story; inside there is real treasure, The Gospel according to St. John. The 'Good News' of the coming of Christ's Kingdom on which all our Christian hopes and plans are based. To enter this Kingdom means the casting off of all the petty encumbrances of human selfishness and a re-birth of the spirit.

On December 11th this year the members of Toc H Women's Association, London and Home Counties Region, are meeting in London for their Regional Festival. A service at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, when the Bishop of Croydon will preach, will be followed by a Gathering in Church House, Westminster, when the chief speaker will be Miss F. Gwilliam of the Home Office.

It is hoped that the inner story of this Festival will be like that of the pages of the publication (published by the British & Foreign Bible Society, price 6d.) mentioned at the beginning of this article, one of real treasure, inspiration and renewal. If any member from other parts of the country is to be in London at this time and would like to join us, we shall be very glad indeed to welcome her if she will let the Festival Secretary know at Toc H Women's Association, Crutched Friars House, London, E.C.3.

E.M.P.

ADVENTURE. On Wednesday, 7th July, a milestone was reached in the history of Westminster Branch when two probationers were initiated. They were Lena Redwood and Nellie Hall, Jamaican nurses training in London, and the whole Branch was thrilled to welcome them to the Family of Toc H.

The initiation was performed by Marjorie Killick, the Branch Pilot, and we were proud to have with us for this special ceremony, Miss A. B. S. Macfie, Founder Pilot, and Sister Chesney, of the Toc H T.B. Settlement at Botha Hill, South Africa; also our friend and Padre, the Rev. Ronald Royle. Mac gave us a most inspiring talk after the initiation. She said that Toc H was an adventure. Indeed, life itself was a big adventure; and then she told us how the early pioneers of Toc H set about the great adventure of the new movement. In these reminiscences Mac had a fellow pioneer in Padre Royle.

Sister Chesney then took us with her in thought and word-picture to the Toc H Tuberculosis Settlement. We followed her with interest as she told the beginnings of the adventure of the settlement and marvelled with her how God had provided the unexpected and seemingly impossible.

Betty C. Burke.

REPORT.—Fourth Annual Garden Party to be held by Toc H/Toc H Women's Association and **B.E.L.R.A., in Bedford College Grounds.**
24th July, 1954.

The fact that this event has reached the ripe old age of four is cause for congratulation. The reason for our survival and measure of success is due to the co-operation which exists between Toc H Women's Association, B.E.L.R.A., and the various Toc H units in North London which combine with Mark VII. Without the help of any of these, the Garden Party could not be the affair it has grown into.

This year we had lovely weather, an excellent opener in Mr. Cyril Fletcher, a record crowd in the beautiful grounds which the Governors of Bedford College allow us to use. The Aida Foster Theatrical School again gave us a wonderful cabaret which pleased both the young and old and the affair was rounded off by a grand concert party by the B.E.L.R.A. Players.

In presenting a report of this nature it would be nice to list the help given by so many, but space is a limiting factor and I therefore ask for the freedom of your columns to state that the work of the Women's Association both in the preparatory stages and on the day itself, surpassed their previous excellent best. They have earned the gratitude of the menfolk in no uncertain manner, and I am sure that I speak for all when I say a sincere 'thank you' and assure them that to work for such causes in so goodly a company is a great pleasure.

We had a good day socially and our affairs appear to prosper —I will let the figures speak for themselves. Profit in 1951 was £40; £120 in 1952, £160 in 1953, £220 odd this year! We are setting our sights high for 1955!

GEOFFREY SAVILL,
Hon. Secretary of the Garden Party Committee

CREWKERNE BRANCH held their Re-dedication Service in the Parish Church, Crewkerne, on Friday, the 2nd of July.

The Service was conducted by their Padre, the Rev. W. J. Johnson. Afterwards, in the Church Hall, Padre Herbert Leggate delighted everyone with another of his inspiring talks. In fact, by people who had heard him many times, it was considered his best yet. Both men and women from the Branches and Groups in the Area attended.

CHRISTMAS CARDS. A reminder that this year's card, designed by Catherine Wilson and printed in blue and black on white, is really lovely and costs only 4d.—and there is an envelope with it . . .

IT'S

This man was a medical student, a doctor —yes, of course you know his name!

THERE was born in Dublin in 1845, a boy who, although he did not realise his cherished ambition of becoming a Missionary to China, was yet one of the greatest of the great social reformers of the latter half of the nineteenth century.

His boyhood was ordinary; not by any means clever at school—and, possibly because he was very small, not good at games.

Still in his 'teens, he had an arresting spiritual experience. Referring to this in after years he wrote: 'My conversion, which, by the grace of God, took place when I was seventeen years old, was a very real thing. Prayer became the very atmosphere in which I lived.' Thereafter, almost all his spare time was spent in teaching at a nearby Ragged School, helping in the Y.M.C.A., on the staff of Swift's Alley Mission of the Open Brethren.

Previously uncertain how to use his life, Thomas John Barnardo, for that was the young man's name, after many hours spent in prayer and waiting on his Lord, felt he could best serve his Master by becoming a missionary in China.

IN 1866, he came to London studying to be a missionary, and superintending the Ernest Street Ragged School.

Just before he was twenty-one, it was suggested to the young

A REAL ROMANCE!

If any one of you has ever thought of writing a novel, where would you find a plot stronger than this man's story, more full of fight and drama and the rich stuff of life?

evangelist that great as was the need for missionaries in China, the need for medical missionaries was even greater; and so Barnardo became a student at the famous London Hospital. His ability to carry on the busy life of a medical student, and at the same time to teach in the Ragged Schools and preach in the sordid streets and alleys of East London, showed his strength of body and mind and his apparently boundless energy.

Young Barnardo did not remain long at Ernest Street. He sought out another district, and finding a dilapidated donkey-shed, he and one or two of his fellow students rented it for 2/6 per week, put down a rough floor, whitewashed the walls and ceiling, and opened it as a Ragged School.

One night, after lessons were over, while Barnardo was turning out the gas jets, he noticed that a boy aged ten, but having the physique of a child of seven, had not gone out when the others had left. Jim Jarvis was reminded that it was time he was off home, but he so insistently begged to be allowed to stay that Barnardo asked him a number of questions and found to his amazement that the boy had no home. 'But where do you sleep?' he asked, and back came the startling answer that Jim Jarvis slept wherever he could.

Barnardo took the boy to his lodgings and gave him a good meal, and together they later set out in order that Jim could make good his promise to show Barnardo lots of other 'lays' where boys were sleeping out.

JIM led the way to a blind alley where he and Barnardo had to climb a high wall, at the top of which, in a gutter 'sheltered' by another wall, were eleven boys all sound asleep. No covering of any kind was upon them. The rags they wore were mere apologies for clothes; their ages about nine to fourteen, although there was one big fellow who might well have been eighteen. Barnardo realised the terrible fact that they were all absolutely homeless and destitute, and that these youngsters were typical of many others. Jim was looked after and a few days later was found a home with a nearby Christian family, but the help that Barnardo and his friends could give to other waifs was necessarily limited by their private means.

Some little time later a great missionary meeting was held at

the Agricultural Hall, and Barnardo, as a candidate for the China Mission, had a seat in the front row of the platform. It happened that the advertised speaker failed to come, and in the emergency, Barnardo, whose work in East London was known to the organiser of the meeting, was asked to tell the large audience of his work in the East End. He did so. Again and again he tried to stop, but there were always many anxious to learn more.

Barnardo's statements were reported in the Press, resulting in a great deal of correspondence, many refusing to believe his 'stories'; others, while not disbelieving, thought the picture of conditions in the East End had been over-painted. But one of those who read his speech at the Agricultural Hall was the Earl of Shaftesbury. The good Earl, who for over twenty years had been encouraging many forms of Social Service, was the leader of the Ragged School Movement, President of the British and Foreign Bible Society, decided to invite to a private dinner a mixed party of his friends, young Barnardo, and a few of the disbelievers. The young medical student had to answer many questions, and towards the end of the evening someone suggested that to prove his statements he should show them the places where boys were sleeping out. So at a late hour a party of about twenty set out for Billingsgate Fish Market near London Bridge.

At first Barnardo met with no success, but at last, under a large tarpaulin stretched over a great pile of boxes, he found sleeping a frightened pathetic-looking youngster. His fears quieted, the boy was asked if there were others under the tarpaulin, and was offered a reward if he would get them out. He did so, and soon others were assembled: seventy-three homeless, hungry and uncared-for boys, who were fortified with a good hot meal and a coin before returning to their sleeping-places.

Before the party broke up, Lord Shaftesbury took the young would-be missionary aside and asked him to pray to his Lord to show him whether his work as a missionary lay in China or in East London, and although for some time, Barnardo, in writing of his work among children, referred to himself as a candidate for the mission-field of China, perhaps it was the Divine intention he should serve in both fields, for, before he died, seventeen of those he had rescued had seen service as missionaries in China.

DR. BARNARDO'S Homes grew and expanded. Homes have been opened all over the kingdom, until today, eighty-six years after the rescue of Jim Jarvis, they care for 7,000 children (the largest family in the world) and over 144,000 have passed through the rescue doors.

There is one more incident that must be told, for its results have been far-reaching and have affected the lives of many children. One day a boy asked Dr. Barnardo to allow him to enter

the Home for boys at Stepney. This the Doctor was willing to do, but unfortunately the Home was already full, and so 'Carrots' (for that was his nick-name) was given money and asked to return a week later, when room would be found for him.

Before the day fixed for his admission, the boy was found dead from privation and exposure.

Ill-clad, under-fed, and without proper shelter, he had been unable to withstand the severe weather. Barnardo later confessed that he could not rid himself of the feeling that in some way he was responsible for the boy's death, for he had turned 'Carrots' from his door. After many hours of thought and prayer, he erected over the door of the Home a sign-board, which read: 'No Destitute Child Ever Refused Admission'.

This has been the Charter of the Homes (which are neither subsidised nor nationalised), ever since.

BARNARDO died in 1905 at the age of sixty, worn out in the cause of children, but not before he had rescued over 60,000 little ones and had made both the Public and the Government far more aware of the problems of childhood, and brought about a marked improvement in the conditions in schools and in institutions.

The work started by him has gone on and a further 84,000 children have been admitted into Dr. Barnardo's Homes since the good Doctor died.

Since the war, the policy of the Homes has been to bring up their children in small family groups and country Homes have been found for the children, and there are now 108 Branches and three Homes in New South Wales.

It was the practice of Dr. Barnardo, and still is the practice of the Council of the Homes, to train every boy and girl in some trade or occupation in which he or she is able to earn sufficient to be self-supporting. With this in view, special branches have been established, such as the Parkstone Sea-Training School, Parkstone, Dorset, where boys are trained for the sea services of the Empire. At the William Baker Technical School, Goldings, near Hertford, boys are trained in a variety of occupations.

Elsewhere girls receive training in housecraft or as nurses or nursery nurses. Others become librarians, shorthand-typists, clerks. After training is completed, suitable posts are found, and the progress of the Barnardo Old Boys and Girls is carefully watched, and any necessary guidance given or advice offered. Every effort is made to achieve the object that every boy and girl shall become a Christian and a self-supporting citizen, capable of taking his or her full part in the life of the nation.

Those who would like to help this work in one way or another should get in touch with the Headquarters of the Homes in Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

MOOSE, CARIBOU, BEAVER, BEAR & LYNX

RECENTLY a letter came to the Overseas Secretary from a member of Toc H in Newfoundland. It gave a fascinating picture of life there. While it is not possible to quote the letter in full, I am sure the following extracts from it will interest many readers.

Mrs. Tucker lives at Grand Falls and her husband is Assistant Purchasing Agent to a company manufacturing newsprint and pulp and several other paper products and by-products. 'The Grand Falls on the Exploits River supply the power for the mill,' writes Mrs. Tucker, 'and the wood is drawn from the surrounding forests . . . Logging operations—cutting and hauling—are carried on all through the winter while snow makes it easy to sled the logs to the river's edge. "Driving" goes on all through the summer, i.e., getting the logs floated down various tributary streams to the main river and thence to the mill, where it's put into huge drums which strip off the bark. Large mechanical stackers pile it up into huge piles which feed the mill all winter. By autumn the river is cleared of logs, and with winter's snow and ice, the whole cycle starts again.'

HERE is a description from her of the town that grew up around the mill: 'As you would expect, it is set in a valley, well wooded itself with lovely silver birch groves as well as the usual evergreens—spruce, fir, pine, etc.—and stretching away as far as one can see are the forests and mountains in the distance. It is lovely country, but wild and rugged with plenty of animal life—moose, caribou, bear, beaver, lynx, fox, and of course the inevitable rabbit—which is really a hare . . .'

'Newfoundland life can be a fascinating study. It's so much a mixture of ancient and modern. In fact it has gone swiftly from ancient to modern in the last few years in some places while in the more isolated communities cut off from all other places in winter, and only accessible by sea in summer, it is still mostly ancient even in the use of ancient words pronounced in their old way . . . St. Johns, the capital and the oldest city in the oldest colony, is quickly becoming a modern city. On its outer fringes new and beautiful modern homes are being built. They have inside them many of the latest labour-saving devices it is possible

. . . MRS. TUCKER wrote a fascinating letter from the country where all these animals are at home, and JEAN EDWARDS picks extracts so vivid from it that many of us will want to pack up and go

to buy. Much of the older building is being torn down. Slums are being cleared gradually.'

Mrs. Tucker describes the Newfoundlander as being 'naturally of a conservative nature' who works on the principle of 'never do to-day what you can put off until tomorrow.' Her description of her home would make many women in this country envious—'The house is set high on a hill outside the town and we have wonderful views of the river and the woods beyond . . . we have plenty of land around it which we hope eventually to turn into a garden, although that is going to take some years . . . this house we live in is wooden with concrete foundation and basement. It's roomy and comfortable, centrally heated . . . my kitchen is large and has most of the usual electrical equipment—apart from an automatic dishwasher . . .'

'There's still no road right across the island', she writes. 'We have a railroad . . . a single-line track for the most part climbing uphill and down across swamps and skirting lakes. In winter the one train a day from either direction can be anything from hours to days late, depending upon how quickly the ploughs can clear the tracks of snow or how long it takes the ferry boats crossing the Gulf of St. Lawrence from the mainland to come over and connect with the train waiting at Port-aux-Basques.'

How I wished I could avail myself of the invitation in the letter 'to be taken around the coast to some of the little fishing settlements with the lovely names—Heart's Content, Flower's Cove, Come-by-Chance, Seldom-Come-By, Spaniards Bay, Portugal Cove . . .'

AND it was sad to hear from Mrs. Tucker that Toc H exists no longer in her part of the world; 'I have no idea why it came "unstuck" ', she says, 'but should imagine that where it failed was in its religious aspect. The different religions just do not mix here (and I don't mean Protestant and Catholic either), with the result that even our schools are all, with a very few exceptions, run by the different Churches, so that in one small community, of maybe only two or three hundred, you may find anything from two to five schools, depending upon how many churches or missions there are—Roman Catholic, C. of E., United Church, Salvation Army, and even Pentecostal Missions.'

What a challenge to Toc H! And who is going to take it up?

GLIMPSES OF POPERINGHE

. . . by ELSA M. PERRIN, who knows it well

THE fellowship which is Toc H must be experienced to be fully understood. Nowhere is it more surely to be found than in Talbot House, Poperinghe.

As I write, the mower is humming happily over the lawn and the garden looks lovely, an oasis of tranquillity. For the first time since my arrival there are no visitors and I have time to think of the house and its associations; its message to the present day; the love and respect it commands from the people of Poperinghe; the kindness and hospitality extended to all who stay awhile . . .

I stroll slowly along renewing my acquaintance with the Town Hall, the Post Office, the little shop with its windows full of souvenirs, the Church and the cobbles. The narrow street winds slowly to the left and Talbot House comes into view. From the entrance hall the new arrival catches a glimpse of the garden beyond, as the beaming faces of Angele and Sylvain smile their welcome. The visitor climbs the stairs to see the Chaplain's Room with its famous caption: 'Abandon Rank All Ye Who Enter Here', the library, and the Gen's room . . .

It is 8.30 a.m. and the red roofs of Poperinghe glow warmly in the early sun. Those gathered in the Upper Room kneel in peace to receive the Sacrament, and the busy clatter of feet on the cobbles can be heard from the street below as the people of Poperinghe go to Mass . . .

Many things pass through my mind. The grape vine at the bottom of the garden; roses climbing the white-washed walls; the Circus in the Square; a glass of wine in friendly company; trees lining the roads of the Salient; Evensong at St. Georges, Ypres . . .

The voice of the Padre penetrates my consciousness 'Author and Giver of all good things . . . .'

ELSA M. PERRIN (snapped, in darker suit, with an Overseas Member on the steps of Crutched Friars House) has been a member since 1930. Short period on staff before war, in industry during war (aircraft parts, etc.); back, as Headquarters Secretary, in December 1945, then Overseas Secretary and now London Regional Secretary. Walks, gardens; is interested in handcrafts and books; has been studying social and theological subjects in 'spare' time for the past eight or nine years.

LETTERS . . .

The circulation of the LOG runs into thousands round about the world . . . anything you have to say, published here, goes a long way to reach important ears . . .

Dear Editor,

I am venturing into print, not only because I am sure my experience is one common to many other members, but also because the Toc H Branch of which I write is one which must be an inspiration to all of us.

I undertook to visit an invalid, a member of Toc H W.A., who had recently come to live in a Convent near here. Although this started as just another 'job', it became an afternoon full of joyfulness.

My invalid turned out to be a happy person, brave and cheerful in spite of twenty-seven years of pain and partial paralysis. She was one of those people with a lively mind, with whom it is easy to establish many points of contact, and the time slipped quickly by.

She told me that she had been a member of the Toc H W.A. Branch in a Home for Incurables. This branch had been started by two friends who were completely paralysed. It is almost impossible to realise the faith and vision and strength of purpose these two must have possessed! Their Chairman was blind, and when my invalid went there they welcomed her with open arms as, not only could she use a typewriter but on her 'good' days she could get around in her wheel-chair and contact other patients.

In spite of difficulties and upsets which would have daunted most people in good health, regular meetings were held in whatever corner of the hospital space could be found. The blind, the lame, the bedridden and the distressed, all were somehow rounded up and took some part in the meetings, so that all felt they were necessary.

I was amazed and thrilled by this account of a Branch of which I had never heard. This all goes to show that I went out with a single blessing in my hand, and returned, myself blessed an hundredfold.

A. M. OXENFORD.

Dear Editor,

Many of our Branch members have recently been studying the booklet, 'The Christian Family', and it is possible they may not have realised how we both, in Toc H and in life generally, divide the family into departments.

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'The Father' is, a great part of the day, turned into 'The

Worker'—or 'The Office Worker', 'The Factory Worker', etc., and he has only a very little part of the day in which he can be 'The Father' and even 'The Husband'.

'The Mother' so often is 'The Housewife' for most of the day, and for a good many women jobs are done alone, especially if the boys and girls of the family are being 'The School Children'. So many plans have to be made and decisions taken separately and even moral issues faced by members away from each other.

This division is also a weakness that affects the Church. The Family used to belong as a family and now so often the only part that comes is 'The Sunday School Child'. Perhaps the mother is in 'The Mothers' Union' or 'Young Wives' Group'. So often too it has been 'The Parson' or 'The Minister' and 'The Congregation' . . . and some congregations could have been called 'The Faithful Women' and perhaps 'The Verger' and 'The Wardens'—so many segments instead of one body.

Toc H too may well be adding to these divisions as the 'Toc H Widow' can be a witness. Many a family will say perhaps that Mother or Father, or both, spend most of their spare time in Toc H. Perhaps Toc H should think more in terms of the whole family in some of their activities. It is possible that we could be greatly strengthened and enriched if we were a uniting influence rather than one more place where there is a lack of oneness.

Yours sincerely,

AN ENQUIRER

Extract of a letter from Mrs. Bloxham (Edinburgh) to Marguerita Fowler, General Secretary:

> *"I am also sending a letter I received from the General Members' Secretary in Adelaide, South Australia. I would like you and Miss Vise to see how valuable the* Log *contacts are. . . ."*

Nora Bloxham was initiated at that Branch and this is an extract from the letter she mentions Cora Russell wrote to her:

> *"I recently received 'the* Log*', and on reading it thro', I was thrilled to find that in the announcement of the result of elections to the Central Executive Committee,* you *were one of the successful candidates."*

(Which just shows that members really read the Log in South Australia *before* I edited it—let's hope you do *still,* please—and that a magazine like this, with contributions from all corners of the earth, is a quick channel to keep the Family in touch.—Ed.)

When you write to the LOG, cut out this coupon and stick it on the left-hand top corner of your envelope.

LETTERS

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Miss M. Fowler, General Secretary, Crutched Friars House, London, E.C.3

Mrs. D. A. V. Worth, Overseas Secretary, Crutched Friars House, London, E.C.3.

Miss C. Powell, Education Secretary, Crutched Friars House, London, E.C.3.

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East Anglia, Beds. and Herts., Lincolnshire.

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Secretary: Miss F. Beeton, c/o Miss Sutherland, 25 Montpelier, Edinburgh, 10.
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NORTH WESTERN REGION
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Manchester, North-west, North Wales and Border.

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Secretary: Miss A. Welford, Sunnycote, Lympstone, Nr. Exmouth, Devon.
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TOC H WOMEN'S ASSOCIATION

The nearest Branch is.....

MEETINGS:

Place .....

Day .....

Time .....

The Secretary is .....

.....

.....

She will be glad to give further information.

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